

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE CZAR AND CZAROWITZ.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

DURING the tumults in Russia, when the Princess Sophia's intrigues to avail herself of Iwan's imbecility were defeated by Peter the Great, several ancient Boyards withdrew to their country houses in disgust or fear. Mierenhoff, one of this number, had a mansion about twelve versts from the metropolis, and resided in very strict retirement with his only daughter Feodorowna. But this beautiful young Muscovite had accompanied her father with more reluctance than he suspected, and contrived to solace her solitude by frequent visits from her affianced husband, Count Biron, one of the Czar's body-guard. Though her lover laid claim to a title so sacred, his attachment to the imperial court, and the kind of favouritism he enjoyed there, had created a jealousy not far from rancour in Mierenhoff. Mixing private feuds with political secrets, he devised a pretext to dismiss the young captain of the guard from all pretension to his daughter; but the young couple revenged themselves by clandestine disobedience. On one of the nights dedicated to their meetings, the Boyar chose to visit his daughter's apartment with an affectation of kindness. She, apprised of his intention only a few moments before, conveyed her lover into a large chest or press in the corner of her room, and closing the lid, covered it with her mantle, that he might obtain air by lifting it occasionally. But the Boyar unhappily chose to take his seat upon it; and after a long stay, which cost his daughter inexpressible agonies, departed without intimating any suspicion. Feodorowna sprang to raise the lid of her coffer, and saw Biron entirely lifeless. What a spectacle for an affianced wife!—but she had also the feelings of an erring daughter conscious that detection must be ruin. She had strength of mind enough to attempt every possible means of restoring life; and when all failed, to consider what might best conceal the terrible circumstances of his death. She could trust no one in her father's household except his porter, an old half-savage Tartar, to whom he had given the name of Usbeck, in allusion to his tribe. But this man had taught her to ride, reared her favourite wolf-dog, and shown other traits of diligent affection which invited trust. Feodorowna descended from the lofty window of her room by the ladder Biron had left there; and creeping to the porter's hut, awakened him to crave his help. It was a fearful hazard even to a Russian female, little acquainted with the delicacies of more polished society; but the instinct of uncorrupted nature is itself delicate, and the Tartar manifested it by listening to his distressed mistress with an air of humble respect. He followed to her chamber, removed the dead body from its untimely bier, and departed with it on his shoulder. In an hour he returned, but gave no answer to her questions except that "All was safe." She put a ring containing a

rich emerald on his finger, forgetting the hazard and unfitness of the gift. His eye flashed fire; and making a hasty step nearer, he seemed disposed to offer some reply; but as suddenly turning his back, and showing only half his tiger-like profile over his left shoulder, he left Feodorowna in silence, and with a smile in which she imagined strange meaning.

The absence of the captain of the imperial guard could not be undiscovered long, and it was not difficult for his family to trace his nightly visits to his bride. But there all clue ceased; and after some mysterious hints at the secret animosity of her father, the search seemed to die away. An extraordinary circumstance renewed it. Biron's body was found near the imperial city with a small poignard buried in it, bearing this label round the hilt—"The vengeance of a Strelitz."—The sanguinary sacrifice of the Strelitz-regiment by Peter's orders, for their adherence to his sister Sophia, appeared to explain this inscription; and the friends of Count Biron instantly ascribed his fate to the scattered banditti formed by the survivors of this proscribed regiment. Feodorowna, though not the least surprised at the incident, was the only one who rejoiced, as she felt the security it gave to her secret. Her father preserved an entire silence and impenetrable indifference on the subject. The emperor, notwithstanding the eccentric zeal of his attachments, chose to leave his favourite's fate in an obscurity he thought useful to his politics, and scandalous to his enemies.

Six months passed in secret mourning on Feodorowna's part; and her father usually spent his evenings alone after his return from hunting. One night, as he sat half-dreaming over his solitary flagon, he saw a man standing near his hearth wrapped in a dark red cloak, with a fur cap bordered with jewels, and black velvet mask over his face. The Boyar had as much good sense as any Russian nobleman of that age, and as much courage as any man alone, or with only his flask by his side, can reasonably show. And probably he owed to his flask the firmness of his voice when he asked this extraordinary visitor whence he came. The stranger familiarly replied, that he could not answer the question—"Have you no name?"—"None, Boyar, fitting you to know!—You have a daughter,—I desire a wife; and you have only to name the price you claim for her."—The Muscovite blood of Mierenhoff rose at this insolent appeal, and he snatched up the silver whistle by which he usually summoned his attendants. "Sound it, if you will," said the strange visitor, "your servants will have no ears, and mine have more than an equal number of hands. Mierenhoff!—recollect this badge;"—and as he spoke, he raised his sleeve, and discovered the form of a poignard indented on his arm. At the sight of this brand, which he well knew to be the symbol of the Strelitz confederacy, Mierenhoff bowed his head in terror and silence. The unknown repeated his proposal for a wife, demanding an instant answer. The Boyar, full of astonishment and dismay, endeavoured to evade the demand, by alleging the impossibility of answering so promptly for his daughter. "I understand your fears, Mierenhoff;—your daughter herself shall determine, if I am

allowed to speak with her alone one quarter of an hour."—Some more conversation passed, which determined Mierenhoff's compliance. The Strelitz, for such he now considered his guest, rose suddenly from his chair. "I do not ask you," he said, "to conduct me to your daughter's apartment—I know where it is situated, and by what means to enter it. Neither do I ask you to wait here patiently till my return. You dare not follow me."—He spoke truth; and had the Boyar dared to follow him, his surprise would not have been lessened by the unhesitating boldness of his steps through the avenues of his house, and the intricate staircases that led to Feodorowna's chamber.

The young countess was alone in sorrowful thought when her extraordinary visitor entered. His proposal was made to her in terms nearly as concise as to her father. When she started up to claim help from her servants, he informed her that her father's life and reputation were at his mercy, not less than her own; adding—"You are no stranger to the vengeance of a Strelitz." Feodorowna shuddered at this allusion to the fate of a man whose widow she considered herself, and his next words convinced her he not only knew the circumstances of Biron's death, but all the secrets of their interviews. In little more than the time he mentioned, he returned to the Boyar's presence, and announced his daughter's assent. It was agreed that the unknown bridegroom should not remove his bride from her father's roof, nor visit it oftener than once in every month, unless she voluntarily consented to accompany him. He farther conditioned, that the priest should be provided by himself, and the ceremony unwitnessed, except by the father of Feodorowna. To these and to any other conditions Mierenhoff would have acceded willingly, hoping to elude or resist them when the day arrived. When the stranger rose to depart, he pointed to a time-piece which ornamented the Boyar's table. "I depend on your honour; and if I did not, I know my own power too well to doubt your obedience. Count twenty movements of this minute hand before you quit your seat after I am gone."—So saying, he disappeared, and the father-in-law elect of this mysterious man remained stupid with consternation and amaze till the period expired.

What passed between the father and daughter cannot be explained. If he was surprised at her ready acquiescence, she was no less indignant at his tame surrender of his only child to a ruffian who had demanded her, she supposed, as the seal of some guilty confederacy. But this supposition wronged her father. Cowardly yet not cruel, and ambitious without sufficient craft, the Boyar was only enough advanced into the mysteries of the Strelitz-faction to know that his own danger would be equally great, whether he betrayed the conspirators or the government. This man had passed unopposed among his servants, had learned all the secrets of his house, and must consequently possess means to purchase both. He felt himself surrounded by an invisible chain, and by a mist which magnified while it confused his fears. The countess Feodorowna, from whom he had expected the most eager questions and

piercing complaints, was silent, sullen, and entirely passive. When the next midnight arrived, she sat by her father's side, with her arms folded in her fur pelisse, and her loose hair covered with a mourning veil, while the Strelitz entered with a Greek priest. The rites of the Muscovite church were performed without opposition; and the father, with a sudden pang of remorse and horror, as if till then he had believed the marriage would have been prevented by some unknown power, resigned Feodorowna to her husband. She clung to the Boyar, earnestly insisting on his part of the contract, while this mysterious son-in-law professed his faithful respect for all his promises. "Depend on my word," he added, "you will never be removed from your father's house, except to take your seat on the throne of all the Russias."

This was the first intimation ever given by him of his expectations or his rank; and certain flattering hopes which had always clung to the Boyar's fancy, seemed on the verge of probability. Perhaps this pretended Strelitz was the Czar himself, whose fondness for adventure and skill in political intrigue had induced him to assume the garb and stamp of the confederacy he meant to baffle. Feodorowna was not without ambition, and the diamond bracelet which her new husband placed on her wrist was worthy to bind an empress's hand. Every month, on the second day of the new moon, he appeared at her father's supper table, and departed before day-light; but by what means he gained ingress and egress was not to be discovered. The servants of the Boyar professed entire ignorance, nor did he venture to prosecute his inquiries very strictly. But his daughter's curiosity was more acute; and notwithstanding the solemn oath imposed on her to forbear from questions, and to respect the mask which covered his face, she resolved on trying the effect of female blandishment. Gradually and by very cautious advances, she tempted the Strelitz to exceed his studied temperance at a supper prepared with unusual care. Her music and her smiles were not wholly without effect, and he suddenly said, "Do you know, Feodorowna, I had never seen or desired to see you if Biron had not talked of your beauty with such passionate fondness among my guards? He piqued my fancy, for he seemed to act the part of the English Athelwold to the island-king Edgar, and his fate was not far unlike."—At this allusion to her first husband's affection and tragic end, Feodorowna shrunk in horror, scarcely suppressed by the secret hope this speech justified. He spoke of his guards, and compared himself to a sovereign prince.—The inference was natural, and the pride of her heart increased the beauty of her countenance. He filled another cup of cognac to the brim, and holding it to her lips, bade her wish health to the Emperor of Russia at the same hour next night. There was a cold and stony dampness in his hand, which did not agree with the purple light in his eyes. He quitted her instantly, for the first cock had crowed, and day was breaking; but she resolved that day should end her uncertainty. Dull in intellect and selfish in heart, her father had little claim to her confidence; but his life, perhaps her sovereign's, might be involved in the desperate plots of the Strelitz-faction,

She covered herself in a common woolen garment, and a peasant's hood; determining to seek the emperor in Moscow, and beg a pardon for her husband and her father as the price of her discovery. Thus resolved, and not without hope of a still higher price, she left her chamber unseen, and visited the hut of his Tartar servant. She asked him whether he dared depart from her father's house, and accompany her to Moscow on foot. The old man answered by filling a wallet with provisions; and digging up a square stone which lay under his pillow, took three roubles and the emerald ring from beneath it, and put them into his mistress's hand. "This is all you have in the world, Usbeck!" said the young Countess, "and I may never repay you."—"No, not all," he answered, "I have still the axe which split the trees for you when you ate the wild bees' honey."—"There needed no farther assurance of his faith to the child of his master. The travellers entered Moscow before noon, but the emperor was absent from his palace. "What is your business with him?" asked a man of meagre and muscular figure, who stood in a plain mechanic's dress near one of the gates. Feodorowna answered, that she had a petition of great importance to present to him. The stranger perused her countenance, and advised her to wait till the captain of the guards appeared. "That would avail nothing," said she, "I must see him, and deliver this paper into his own hand."—"Why not into mine?" returned the questioner, rudely snatching the paper, and thrusting himself behind the gates: but not so rapidly as to escape a blow levelled at his head by Usbeck. "Keep that blow in mind, my good friend," said the thief, laughing—"I shall not forget my part of the debt." And slyly twitching the long lock which hung behind Usbeck's ear in the Black Cossack's fashion, he disappeared.

Feodorowna stood resolutely at the gateway of the palace, still expecting to see the emperor, and determining to communicate all that had happened to herself, her first husband, and her father. Presently the artist returned again, and laying his hand familiarly on her arm, whispered—"The emperor is in the guard-house, follow me!"—There was an expression, an ardent and full authority in his eye, which instantly announced his rank. She was going to kneel, but he prevented her. "Be of good cheer, Feodorowna!—your husband is greater and less than he appears. Return home, and drink the Emperor of Russia's health to-night, as he commanded."

Usbeck stood listening anxiously near his mistress; and when she turned to him with a smiling countenance, he knelt her to follow him. But it was too late: a guard of twelve men had drawn up behind, and now surrounded them. They were forcibly separated, and each conveyed to prison, where sentinels, regularly changed, attended till about the eleventh hour of the next day, when two persons in the habit of Russian senators entered, and conducted Feodorowna to another room in the fortress. This room was filled with senators; and a bishop, whose face she recognised, stood near a couch on which a young man sat, with silver fetters on his hands. His dress was slovenly and squalid, but his person tall and well made; his complexion healthfully brown, and his eyes and hair of a brilliant black. Another man, whose form and countenance were entirely muffled, stood behind the group, but sufficiently near to direct and observe them. Count Tolstoi, the chief senator, obeyed a glance from his eye; and addressing himself to the manacled prisoner, said, in a low and respectful voice, "Does your highness know this woman?"—He answered in German, and the muffled man gave a signal to the bishop, who approached the couch, and joining the hands of

Feodorowna to the prisoner, declared their marriage lawful from that hour, but from that only. Though the face of her husband had been concealed from her during their mysterious intercourse, Feodorowna knew the strong stern voice, the dark hair and eyes, and the perfect symmetry of this unknown prisoner; and her heart smote itself when the letter she had written to the emperor was read aloud to him. He made no reply, and the witnesses of this strange ceremony laid before him another paper, stating, that finding himself unqualified for government, he disclaimed all right of succession to the crown, acknowledging his brother Peter its lawful heir. He signed it with the same unbending countenance; and the standers by having each repeated an oath of allegiance to the chosen successor, departed one by one, solemnly bowing their heads to the bishop and the muffled man who stood at his right hand. They with Feodorowna were then left alone in the room until a signal-bell had sounded twice. A man, whom she knew to be Field-Marshal Wreyde, entered as it tolled the last time, bearing a silver cup and cover. His countenance was frightfully pale, and he staggered like one convulsed or intoxicated. The prisoner fixed his eyes sternly on Feodorowna, and bowing his head to the muffled stranger, took it with an unshaking hand, and emptied it to the last drop.

While he held it to his lips, the Bishop opened a long official paper, but the prisoner interrupted him: "I have already heard my sentence of death, and know this is its execution." Even as he spoke, the change in his complexion began, and Feodorowna, uttering dismal screams, was forced from his presence. Five days after, she was carried in a covered litter to the church of the Holy Trinity, where a coffin lay in state under a pall of rich gold tissue. Her conductor withdrew into the darkness of the outer aisle, leaving her to contemplate the terrible conclusion of her father's ambitious dreams, and the last scene of human greatness. But she was yet uncertain how far the guilt of the detected faction had extended, and whether he who lay under the splendid pall, and had once called himself her husband, was the treacherous governor of Siberia, Prince Gagarin, or a still more illustrious criminal. There was no name upon the velvet covering of the coffin, no banner, no armorial bearing; and the attendant, seeing the silent and stony stupor of the miserable widow, conducted her compassionately back to the covered litter. It conveyed her to a convent, where a few hours after her arrival, a white veil was presented to her, with this mandate, bearing the imperial signet of Peter the Great.

"The widow of Alexis Czarowitz of Russia, could enter no asylum less than the most sacred and distinguished convent in the empire. It is not her crime that he instigated foreign sovereigns and Russian renegades to assassinate his father, depose his mother-in-law, and expel his kindred. Neither is it her crime that her father was the dupe of a faction, whose only purpose was to elevate a man fond of the vices of the lowest herd, and therefore fit to be their leader. Nor can a woman bold enough to risk the life of her husband, blame a father whose justice required him to sacrifice his son. He spared him the shame of a public execution, and gave a title to the tears of a lawful widow."

Thus perished Alexis, heir-apparent of the widest empire and the most celebrated sovereign then existing in Europe. The decree that consigned him to death was passed in the senate house of Moscow by all the chief nobility and clergy, the high officers of the army and navy, the governors of provinces and others of inferior degree, unanimously, but referring the mode to his sovereign and father, whose extraordinary character, combin-

ing the sternness of a Junius Brutus with the romance of a Haroun Alraschid, enabled him to fulfil the terrible office of his son's judge. But even Peter the Great had not hardihood enough to be a public executioner; and his unhappy son, though his sentence might have been justified by the baseness of his habits and associates, was never openly abandoned by his father. His death was ascribed to apoplexy, caused by shame and fear at the reading of his sentence; and the Czar with his Czarina attended the funeral. Feodorowna died in the convent of Susdale, of which the former Czarina, mother of the Czarowitz, was abbess when he perished; and Usbeck, her faithful servant, easily escaped from the prison of the emperor, who did not forget his blow. Once on his way from Moscow to Novgorod, attended only by four servants, Peter was stopped by a party of Rasbonicks, and leaping from his sledge with a pistol cocked, demanded to know what they desired. One of the troop replied, he was their lord and master, and ought to supply the wants of his destitute subjects. The emperor knew Usbeck's voice, and giving him an order for a thousand rubles on the Governor of Novgorod, bade him go and remember how Peter of Russia paid his debts, either of honour or of justice.

STORY OF DR. CLEMENT.

From the Philanthrope.

Mr. Eden, of Wild Rose-hall, had made his fortune in India. A very short time before his return to England, having seen at Calcutta an amiable and beautiful young lady, the cousin and companion of Lady Alwin, the wife of Colonel Alwin; and never considering her small or no dowry as any objection, he asked and received her hand. He regarded her beauty, amiable dispositions, and elegant accomplishments, as sufficient dowry; nor was he disappointed in his choice, for she was as deserving as she was fair. On his return to Britain, he purchased a fine house and extensive park in the western part of Essex; and having nothing wherewithal to accuse himself during his residence in the east, and being therefore as easy in mind as in external circumstances, he flattered himself with the prospect of happiness.

One dark autumnal evening, soon after he had taken possession of his villa, while sitting in his parlour during a violent storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, a post-chaise drove up to the door, and a servant informed him that an old gentleman wished for permission to pass the night in his house. He learned too, that the stranger had just come from the continent; that he was on his way from Colchester to London; that the driver, not well acquainted with the country, and confounded with the violence of the tempest, had mistaken the lane that led to Wild Rose-hall, for the road to Rumford; and that the gentleman was so very ill, that he could not venture to go even as far as the nearest inn. It is needless to say, that he was received with the kindest welcome. For, besides that Mr. Eden's humanity would have so inclined him, there was something particularly interesting in the gray hair, dignified courage, open countenance, and dejected air of the stranger. He remained some days at the hall, till he somewhat recovered, and in that time the prepossessions of Eden in his behalf grew into a strong attachment.

"I have been indeed unfortunate," said the old gentleman, giving some account of himself, as soon as his strength permitted him; "and I know not that my misfortunes are at an end. I was happily established, in the early part of my life, as a physician in the north of England. By the death of a maternal uncle, in the island of Antigua, and whose name I was, by his will, appointed to assume, I succeeded to a considerable fortune. It was necessary, however, that I should go thither to receive the investiture and possession

of his property and estates. The vessel in which I sailed was seized by a Moorish pirate, was carried to Barbary, and I was never heard of, I believe, by my friends; for the governor of Mogadore, learning my profession, sent me immediately to Fez, to render what assistance I could to the emperor of Morocco, who was at that time afflicted with a dangerous malady. I was willing, from every consideration, to give him all the aid in my power; and hoped, that if I was successful, my freedom might be the price of my services. But I was cruelly disappointed. My success in restoring the emperor to health, made him conceive me so necessary to his welfare, that he would not suffer me to depart; so that observing my impatience, he allowed me to have no communication with any person whatever, who could give notice of my situation to any of the British consuls. In all other respects I must do him the justice of acknowledging, that I was treated with the utmost kindness, and lived even in a state of barbarous luxury. After the emperor's death, my situation for some time underwent no change, for his successor considered me as no less necessary to himself than I had been to his father. At length, however, my melancholy was growing into despondency; I had been eighteen years in a state of captivity; my health was visibly impaired; and the young emperor, with a humanity which I must commend, consented to my departure. Nor did he part with me without expressions of friendship; and an ample compensation, not for the bondage I had endured, but for the services I had rendered him. I returned by Italy and Germany, on account of the troubles in France; and coming from Hamburg to Colchester, I was not more afflicted with fatigue and weakness, than with anxiety to receive intelligence of my family; which consisted, at the time I left them, of a wife, and infant of three years old. If they survive, I may yet be happy: I left them in easy circumstances, and to the care of an affectionate friend. But if they survive not?" he sighed, and his voice faltered; "if they survive not? would to Heaven that I also were dead, or had never returned!"

Eden's sympathy, and desire of affording him relief, need not be doubted. He inquired by what address he might procure him the important information he so anxiously wished for. "I have already written," said he, "from Colchester, and have also written from this place. I persuade myself, that in the space of a day, or in a few hours, I shall be certified of my happiness or utter misery. I was Dr. Clement, in the city of Leeds."—"Merciful Heaven!" interrupted Eden, "Dr. Clement, of Leeds! my friend, my deliverer, and my protector!"—"He fell on his neck and embraced him. The stranger was overwhelmed with amazement. "And have you forgot me," cried Eden, "the poor boy whom you saved from ignominious punishment, received into your family, educated, and sent abroad?"—"Frank!" said the venerable old man, scarcely able to speak for tears;—"Frank, whom I sent to school?"—"The same, the same," said Eden, "poor Frank Eden, whom you saved and protected; who am now, by the blessing of Heaven, in wealth and esteem; and glad beyond the power of expression, at now meeting, and under my own roof, with my kind benefactor."

Francis Eden had been a poor man's son.—His parents having died while he was yet an infant, and being left to the care of a distant relation, it need not be a matter of surprise, if, at ten years old, his education should have been neglected, and his habits unpromising. In fact, he had been carried before a magistrate for attempting to take some fruit from a gentleman's garden. The poor orphan was to have been punished, and sent to the workhouse. Dr. Clement was present.

Moved by his ingenuous appearance, by his tears and helpless condition, he interposed; took him home to his house; found him worthy of his attention; had him educated; and recommended him to a merchant in London. By him, being found deserving, he was sent out to India; where, by the most able, upright, and honourable conduct, he realized such a sum as enabled him to return with splendour.

But neither splendor of outward circumstances, nor high reputation, nor even the consciousness of virtue, had been able to secure his felicity. His friend perceived it. Sitting under a walnut-tree in the shrubbery adjoining to the house, while they expected the return of Dr. Clement's dispatches, "You seem thoughtful," said he to Eden, "too thoughtful for the happiness of your condition."—Eden looked at him with some surprise; sighed; fixed his eyes on the ground. "You have observed it, then?" he said. "Indeed, my friend, I am afraid I am not happy. And to you I will use no reserve. Yet I cannot express the cause; it is so strange, so unexpected; but so sufficient to spoil my peace. My wife," and then he paused; was unable to speak. Clement gazed with amazement. He was also terrified. Hideous images possessed his fancy. He was afraid, and loth to make any inquiry. He had thought the wife of his friend in all respects excellent. She was indeed reserved; and had something detected in her appearance. But she was withal so correct in her deportment, so respectful to her husband, so attentive to his friend. "It is impossible! she must be good!" He thus rallied his recollection; banished suspicion; was ashamed of his fears: and with some indignation, not against Eden but against himself, "Is she not excellent?" he exclaimed. "Most excellent!" replied his friend, "most lovely! most engaging! blameless as an angel of light! and yet I fear"—and he groaned with anguish—"I fear I am not her choice." His friend, in the kindest and most affectionate manner, wished for more information.

"Her delicacy of mind," said Eden, "is, indeed, most afflicting. She had no fortune, was understood to be of respectable parentage; had been entitled to high expectation; had lost her parents; and had become dependent. Satisfied in every respect concerning her sentiments and her deportment; penetrated with her beauty and her accomplishments, and observing how much it pained her to expatiate on the circumstances of her early life, I have hitherto, as we have not been long united, refrained from being very minute in my inquiry into particulars; the more so, that on all such occasions she seems to feel herself more indebted to me than perhaps her own feelings, and I am sure, more than mine, can endure. This, indeed, is the source of my suffering. She appears to have continually in her thoughts, that I have raised her to opulence from a state of dependence.—She does not set sufficient value on her own deserts; and is too deeply impressed with the sense of great obligation. She respects me indeed too much; is grateful, but does not love. Her love is lost in excessive gratitude. What can I do? All my endeavours to make her easy, all my desires of pleasing, give additional weight to the kindness that has oppressed her. I almost despair of meeting in her with that friendship and affection which can subsist between those persons only who think themselves somewhat equal. And if so, such is my disposition, that our connexion cannot be happy."—"Have you ever," said Clement, with great anxiety, "have you ever spoken to her on this very interesting and important subject?"

"Mrs. Alwin," answered Eden, "has done so; not, however, as at my suggestion; but in consequence, as it were, of their mutual attachment; and has received from her the most ingenuous, yet pain-

ful confession of her infirmity. She tells her, that feeling high obligation, she cannot view me on such a footing of equality as would justify the freedom, ease, and familiarity which I so sincerely desire."—"Has she any other relation," said Clement, "than the family of Mrs. Alwin?"—"I know not that she has," answered Eden.—"Her father, whose name was Fitzalleyn, had some property in this country; but much more in one, I know not which, of our American islands.—While yet an infant, she lost her mother; and her father, for some reason that I never knew, or do not remember, had before that time gone abroad, and has never been heard of. Meantime her estate in the West Indies has been so much embezzled, or so unproductive, that it has served her in little stead: and those persons who had charge of what property she had at home having become bankrupts, she fell into those circumstances which are as painful to remember as to endure. The only person who showed her any friendship was Mrs. Alwin, who treated her indeed as a sister, and whom she accompanied to Calcutta."

Clement seemed to give slight attention to the concluding part of the narrative. He was lost in the deepest abstraction; he groaned; struck his hand on his forehead; and his bosom heaved with extreme agitation. Eden observing, asked, "if he was indisposed?" He did not answer; did not seem to have heard him; rose from his seat; and walked about in extreme perturbation. Then turning abruptly, "I must see Mrs. Eden." "She shall wait upon you," said Eden, tenderly, but with astonishment. "She is my daughter!" exclaimed the stranger. "Has not that occurred to you? but no! I must not say so. Alas! I may be mistaken. Yet I, on leaving England, took the name of Fitzalleyn; left my daughter an infant; was never heard of! Her mother dead?" So saying, he fell back on the seat, and found relief in a flood of tears. The state of Eden's feelings defy words and description. His astonishment, however, some transient doubts, and some fears, soon rebuked by his hopes, and his hopes themselves, were instantly absorbed in all the ravishment of expectation. The dear object of his faithful and most tender regard must be the child of his earliest friend, of his deliverer, of his protector!—She was now to feel herself on that footing of equality, which, in the extreme, and somewhat blameable delicacy of her sentiments, she held essential to the ease and confidence of mutual love. If any obligation remained, he was to be the person obliged. He assured his friend "that it must be so; and as far as youth could resemble age, that his daughter resembled him; and urged him, therefore, to give immediate intimation to his dear Matilda."—"Matilda was the name of my child," said Clement, now recovering from agitation, and in a tone of acquiescent complacency, "but still there may be some mistake! and the consequence of disappointment in a matter so intimately interesting to us both, and to your dear Matilda, might be unspeakably fatal. The probabilities are as you say; but we must not yield to them rashly."

A servant now announced to them the arrival of Mrs. Alwin. Her father was one of the persons to whom Clement, who was his kinsman, and not knowing that he was the father of Mrs. Alwin, had addressed himself for information. He sent, by his daughter, who flew on the wings of friendship, the very joyful intelligence, which Eden and his honourable benefactor had already, the one with eagerness, the other with caution, ventured, in some degree, to anticipate. Yet the joy of Clement, while he blessed his affectionate child, was mingled with sad remembrance, the tender recollection of Mrs. Eden's mother. Time, and the consolation he now received, restored him to becoming composure; beams of the gentlest

serenity shone on his hoary locks; for his children continued virtuous, and were rewarded with as much enjoyment as virtue can here expect.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's Spies.

SHAKESPEARE.

Matthews Rivalled.—Sir William Petty (the founder, we believe, of the Laudowne family) is described by Mr. Evelyn as "having such a faculty of imitating others, that he would take a text and preach, now like a grave orthodox divine, then falling into the presbyterian way, then to the fanatical, the quaker, the monk and friar, the popish priest, with such admirable action and alteration of voice and tone, as it was not possible to abstain from wonder; and one would swear to hear several persons, or forbear to think he was not in good earnest an enthusiast and almost beside himself: then he would fall out of it into a serious discourse; but it was very rarely he would be prevailed on to oblige the company with this faculty, and that only amongst most intimate friends. My Lord Duke of Ormond once obtained it of him, and was almost ravished with admiration; but by and by he fell upon a serious reprimand of the faults and miscarriages of some princess and governors, which, though he named none, did so sensibly touch the Duke, who was then lieutenant of Ireland, that he began to be very uneasy, and wished the spirit laid that he had raised, for he was neither able to endure such truths, nor could he but be delighted! At last he melted his discourse to a ridiculous subject, and came down from the joint stool on which he had stood: but my lord would not have him preach any more!"

Dr. Young.—The melancholy event which befell this ingenious poet at Montpellier, in the death of his daughter, and the manner in which he was treated by the priests, who refused to suffer her to be buried in sanctified ground, are well known. The doctor was compelled to dig, with the assistance of his servants, a grave for her remains. Of this event he has himself given a very affecting account in his Night Thoughts. The injury done to the feelings of Young upon this occasion has been atoned, as far as atonement can be afforded, by two French players. Talma and Madame Petit caused the body of the young Narcissa to be dug up from the botanical garden of Montpellier, where it was buried, and have interred it in a simple manner, with a plain, but elegant monument, at their own expense.

The Panic-struck Peasant.—As a countryman was nutting in Catsfield Great Wood, in Sussex, he found the nuts so plentiful, that he soon half filled a sack, by the weight of which his progress was so much impeded, that he found it necessary to get rid of his incumbrance, by leaving it, as he thought, in a place of security, until he should have increased his stock, by means of a satchel, from distant hazels, and proceeded accordingly; but, unluckily in the interim, a black, from a neighbouring barrack, engaged in a similar pursuit, discovered the repository, and after examining its contents, resolved on possessing it; but in order to give a colourable pretence to the possession, he had recourse to the following whimsical stratagem:—He stripped off his clothes, and after concealing them, seated himself, naked on the sack, where he remained, clutched up, till the return of the countryman, and by his grimaces, and the yells which he set up to give effect to the part he was acting, on the poor fellow's approach, so terrified him, that he bounded from the wood like a deer, and happy

in his escape, left his nuts, without regret, to be cracked by the Devil, on whose territories, at the moment of his panic, he believed he had been trespassing. Mungo, well pleased with the success of his trick, bore away the prize; and the circumstance caused no inconsiderable share of mirth in the neighbourhood.

Exercise.—In the mind, as in the body, those parts only are strong that are exercised; the legs of chairmen and the arms of labourers make this evident. If the muscles of reason in the men of the law are commonly weak, it is because they have little exercise.—*Helvetius.*

Persecution.—The Chevalier Ramsay relates that Fenelon recommended to Prince Charles, the son of our James the II., never to use compulsion in matters of religion. "No human power," said he, "can force the impenetrable retrenchments of the freedom of the mind. Compulsion never persuades; it only makes hypocrites. When Kings interfere in matters of religion, they don't protect it; they enslave it. Give civil liberty to all, not by approving all religions as indifferent, but by permitting in patience what God permits, and by endeavouring to bring persons to what is right by mildness and persuasion."

Origin of the Nine Muses.—The muses originally consisted of only three in number: Mnemosyne, Memory, Melete, Meditation, Acde, Song. They were augmented to the number of nine, because the inhabitants of their ancient town, desirous of placing in the temple of Apollo the statues of the three muses, and they being of extraordinary beauty, they ordered three of the most skilful sculptors to execute each, the statues of these three muses, which made up the number of nine; and from which it was proposed to select the three most perfect statues—but the nine were so beautiful, that it was agreed to take them all, and to place them in the temple, and call them the nine muses. From this accident, they derived their origin, and the six other attributes of poetry were given to the additional sister.

Reportee.—M. Lalande dined one day at the house of Recamier, the banker; he was seated between the celebrated beauty, Madame Recamier, and Madame de Stael, equally distinguished for her wit. Wishing to say something agreeable to the ladies, the astronomer exclaimed, "How happy I am to be thus placed between wit and beauty!" "Yes, M. Lalande," sarcastically replied Madame de Stael, "and without possessing either."

Charles the Fifth.—When the emperor Charles the fifth retired from the throne, his habit of teasing mankind seems to have followed him into the convent. He was one morning extremely solicitous to awaken a young monk to go to matins at a very early hour. The monk, scarcely roused by his efforts, said to him with some asperity, "Is it not enough for your majesty to have so long disturbed the peace of the universe, but must you also break in upon the repose of a poor insignificant monk?"

Imperial Bon-mot.—Charles V. who had so long distinguished himself as a persecutor of all who differed from the orthodox faith, appears, in his retirement, to have come to his senses on the subject of intolerance. He had 30 watches on his table, and observing that no two of them marked the same time, he exclaimed, "How could I imagine that in matters of religion I could make all men think alike!" A servant carelessly entering his cell, threw down all the watches. The emperor laughed, and said, "You are more lucky than I, for you have found the way to make them all go together."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PERSIANS.

(From Sir R. K. Porter's Travels.)

A stranger arriving from Irak Ajem, into this renowned capital of Irak Arabi, (Bagdad) cannot fail being instantly struck with the marked difference between the people before him, and those he left north of the mountains. There, the vesture was simple and close, though long, with a plain-hilted knife stuck in the girdle, and the head of the wearer covered with a dark cap of sheep-skin. Here, the outer garment is ample and flowing, the turban high and superbly folded, and the costly shawl round the waist additionally ornamented with a richly embossed dagger. With personages in every variety of this gorgeous costume, I saw the streets of Bagdad filled on my entrance. Monstrous turbans of all hues, pelisses, and vests of silk, satins, and cloths, in red, blue, green, and yellow, of every shade and fabric, clothed the motley group who appeared every where; some slowly moving along the streets, others mounted on benches by the way-side, sipping their coffee, and occasionally inhaling a more soporific vapour from their gilded pipes, with an air of solemnity not to be anticipated from such a tulip-garbed fraternity. The contrasted appearance of the gaily coloured, and gloomily pompous Turk, when compared with the parsimoniously clad Persian, sombre in appearance even to the black dye of his beard, yet accompanied with the most lively and lequacious activity of body and mind, amused me much; and in traversing these characteristic paths, I could not but recollect I was now in the far-famed city of the caliphs, the capital of Haroun-al-Rashid, through whose remote avenues he and his faithful vizier used to wander by night, in disguise, to study the characters of his subjects, and to reign with justice. But history was not alone, in busying the memory with recollections; the delightful tales of childhood started up along with her, and remembrances of the *Arabian Nights* seemed to render the whole a sort of eastern classic ground, consecrating its bazars, mosques, palaces, and even cobblers' stalls, to a kind of romantic celebrity.

The climate, in general, has the advantage of parts of Persia, in not being variable in such violent extremes; but then its warmest months are certainly insufferable, from the abiding effects of the forty days prevalence of the consuming samiel. At that season, the thermometer frequently mounts in the shade, from 120 to 140 degrees of heat, according to Fahrenheit. Hence it may easily be conceived that winter is the most genial season here; and the inhabitants tell me, that the air then becomes soft, and of the most delightful salubrity; particularly, they say, from the 15th of November to about the middle of January. At present, towards the latter end of October, while I am writing, the skirts of the "withering blast" seem to be yet hovering over us; the heat standing at 90, and has been from that to 93, on an average, ever since my arrival. When the heat approaches ten degrees beyond this point, the inhabitants betake themselves to the refuge of certain arched apartments, called the Zardaub, constructed deep in the foundations of the house, for this very purpose.—From their situation they can have no windows, therefore catch their glimpse of daylight as it may glimmer through the doors from the chambers above. Thin matting supplies the place of carpets, and every precaution and method is pursued, that can bring coolness to these gloomy abodes; where the chief part of the na-

tives of Bagdad pass the whole of the sultry day, while the atmosphere without retains its more scorching fires. At sunset, each family issues from their subterranean shelters, and ascending to the top of the house, take their evening repast beneath the arch of heaven. And under the same free canopy, "fann'd by tepid airs," they spread their bedding along the variously disposed divisions of the roof; whose irregular forms are so contrived as to catch every zephyr's breath that passes. In these elevated apartments the natives repose, until the close of October, at which time the days become comparatively cool; and sudden blasts blowing up during the night, from the north and south-east, render sleeping in the open air chilling and dangerous. Hence, at these nocturnal hours, the good people begin to nestle into the warm corners within the house; but during the day, they describe the atmosphere to be every thing that is celestial; so clear, so balmy, so inspiring, as to yield sufficient excuse to the great monarchs of Persia for deserting the arid regions of their own kingdom at this season, to take up a temporary abode in the salubrious gardens of Amytées."

Of the pestilential winds which prevail in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, our author gives the following particulars:

"The Persians consider October the first month of their autumn, and feel it delightfully cool in comparison with July, August, and September; for that during forty days of the two first-named summer months, the hot wind blows from the desert, and its effects are often destructive. Its title is very appropriate, being called the Samiel or the Baude Semoon, the pestilential wind. It does not come in continued long currents, but in gusts at different intervals, each blast lasting several minutes, and passing along with the rapidity of lightning. No one dare stir from their houses while this invisible flame is sweeping over the face of the country. Previous to its approach, the atmosphere becomes thick and suffocating, and appearing particularly dense near the horizon, gives sufficient warning of the approaching mischief. Though hostile to human life, it is so far from being prejudicial to the vegetable creation, that a continuance of the Samiel tends to ripen the fruits. I inquired what became of the cattle during such a plague, and was told they seldom were touched by it. It seems strange that their lungs should be so perfectly insensible to what seems instant destruction to the breath of man, but so it is, and they are regularly driven down to water at the customary times of day, even when the blasts are at the severest. The people who attend them are obliged to plaster their own faces, and other parts of the body usually exposed to the air, with a sort of muddy clay, which in general protects them from its malignant effects. The periods of the wind's blowing are generally from noon till sunset; they cease almost entirely during the night; and the direction of the gust is always from the north-east. When it has passed over, a sulphuric, and indeed loathsome smell, like putridity, remains for a long time. The poison which occasions this smell, must be deadly; for if any unfortunate traveller, too far from shelter, meet the blast, he falls immediately, and in a few minutes his flesh becomes almost black, while both it and his bones at once arrive at so extreme a state of corruption, that the smallest movement of the body would separate the one from the other. When we listen to these accounts, we can easily understand how the Almighty, in whose hands are all the instruments of nature, to work even the most miraculous effects, might, by this natural agent of the Samiel brought from afar, make it the brand of death by which the destroying angel wrought the destruction of the army of Sennacherib. Mine host also told me, that at the commence-

ment of November the nights begin to be keen; and then the people remove their beds from their airy and star-lit canopies at the tops of their houses, to the chambers within; a dull, but comfortable exchange when the winter advances, the cold being frequently at an excess to freeze the surface of the water in their chamber-jars; but almost as soon as the sun rises, it turns to its liquid state again.

After having entered the khau of the Pool-i-Zohaub, my first lodging beyond the territories of the great king, and took my station under the vaulted roof of the spacious recess appointed for my quarters, I seated myself on my carpet close to the open side of my apartments, to enjoy the air, and the busy amusing scene before me. The cell-like ranges of the arcades which lined the building, and the square in the centre, were filled with multitudes of persons of every Asiatic hue, dress, and calling; Turks, Persians, Arabs, Courds, and Indians, being the component parts of this pilgrim army; and the variety of their costume, manners, and occupations, produced groups the most singular, and often grotesque, imagination can conceive. Some were cooking, others praying; some feeding their lean cattle, others their hungry selves; here, sat a group furbishing their fire-arms; there, clusters of people smoking, drinking coffee, or sleeping. In one place stood mules and horses, mingled with men and baggage; in another lay coffins, women, and children. But, if we may judge from appearances, my old acquaintances, the Persians, male and female, in this expedition, intended most to mortify the flesh; for while the pilgrims of other nations were at least decently clad, the sackcloth of these was rags, and for ashes, they had an ample complement of every other species of dirt. Having gone carelessly on, under such loathsome garments during the march, when they halted for refreshment, many of the men, without regard to those about them, stripped themselves to the skin, and sat crouching and naked like a circle of brahmans. The motive for this state of nature, was to have free chase for the infinity of vermin, which covers their unchanged garments like dust on the ground; and as they never destroy what they discover, but throw them down, the flooring of any place of their rest seldom fails swarming like the "quarters of Egypt." Fleas, too, are met with in all the caravansaries, skipping about in myriads; and as whirlwinds are frequent at the close of the day, these creatures literally come in clouds, mingled with chaff and dust; and entering the open recesses, fill every nook and dwelling-hole destined to shelter the passing guest. Water, frequent changes and inspection of apparel, and constant watchfulness, must be the unremitted guards of the European traveller; else these disgusting annoyances would soon be found the most formidable evil of an Asiatic journey."

LITERATURE.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN POETS CONTRASTED.

(Written by the Marquis d'Argens in the year 1750.)

The *Paradise Lost* of Milton, has not all the beauties of the *Æneid*, but I confess I like it much better than the *Gierusalemme Liberata* of Tasso; to me it seems that the English poet has made a much better use of religion than the Italian. I do not think that we can find either in Virgil or in Homer any thing more sublime than the portrait Milton has given us of the Deity making war on the rebellious angels. He says, the Almighty took his arms from terror. There is something very majestic in this idea; and if one dares to bring the Divinity like a hero into the field of battle, one cannot certainly give him a better squire than Terror, whom this bard assigns him.

Waller is a poet very far below Catullus, and yet very much superior to Voi-

ture. His writings are gallant and full of beauties, but faint and languishing, at least sometimes; his verse having neither the brightness, nor the beauty of La Fontaine, at the same time that it wants the unnatural flights of Guarini. In short, he has not quite the merit of the French author, nor quite so many faults as the Italian.

Pope is without contradiction one of the greatest poets in the universe. One may, indeed one ought to look upon him as a formidable rival to Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Virgil, and Homer. This last author is perhaps more perfect in his English translation, than in the original. I cannot think that there is any thing in poetry more ingenious, more arch, and more gallant, than his poem of the Rape of the Lock. The *Lutrin* of Boileau is a stronger and more manly piece, but it is very far from being so pleasant. They assure me that Pope was not above twenty years of age when he composed that charming poem. The noble description given us by Virgil of the employments of deceased heroes in the Elysian shades, does not surpass Pope's pleasant picture of the amusement of the ladies after their decease.

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements the souls retire:
The sprites of fiery terrors in flame,
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

It must be acknowledged, that it is simply impossible to conceive the reveries of the cabalists better applied, in order to form a just and delicate critique on the fair sex. All the different characters of women are exactly described in this account of their amusements after death, and by a stroke familiar to great masters, the poet, though he supposes them dead, paints them so to the life, that nothing can be either more entertaining or more instructive.

The Earl of Rochester hath written several satires in a style as nervous and as beautiful as that of Boileau. He had indeed a strong and piercing wit, a brisk and lively imagination. He lived like Petronius, and died like La Fontaine. He piqued himself through the course of his life, on maintaining the character of a freethinker. Sometime before he went out of the world, however, he thought fit to change his sentiments entirely.

Besides the poets of whom I have been speaking, there have been many others who deserve the esteem of men of parts. The English are by no means deficient in dramatic poets. I shall very speedily give you my thoughts on their theatre. It is not at all surprising that poetry hath been carried such a length in this nation. Men of the first quality have not disdained to become followers of the muses. Lord Roscommon, the Duke of Buckinghamshire, the Earl of Dorset, and many other persons of an elevated rank, have written pieces which give them, with justice, the title of great poets. These examples have excited the envy and ambition of private men; every body naturally imitates the grandees of his country; and it is the happiness of the English to have always amongst them men of quality of distinguished merit, passionately fond of glory and the belles lettres. To be in the mode here, there is no necessity of learning ridiculous grimaces, and an affected laugh, or a contemptuous disregard for the sciences, since whoever would pretend to treat as pedants all such as devote themselves to learning and to books, would be thought dull stupid creatures, and become as ridiculous as they would endeavour to make others.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BOOKS.

PARIS THEATRES, NO. I.

[We give the following account of the theatres in the French capital, from *Tronchet's Guide to Paris, for 1822*, as introductory to several letters, which have been handed us for publication, on the theatrical performances in that city.]

In proportion as it has become unfashionable at Paris to frequent the theatres on a Sunday, excepting among the lower classes and the citizens, it is equally fashionable to appear at the Theatre Français on Monday, at the Opera on Wednesday, and at the Opera Buffa on Saturday; and this mode of amusement is now followed with very little deviation.

It should be observed, that the grand theatres of Paris are those of the Opera and of the Theatre Français, both in the Rue de Richelieu. The former is devoted to French operas, ballets, and dancing; and the latter to tragedy and comedy. The theatre, similar to the Italian Opera in London, is the Theatre Buffa, where, however, there are no ballets. All the other theatres are devoted to the performance of light, gay, and farcical pieces, but all of them deserve to be visited.

The manner of lighting the French theatres is very advantageous, and infinitely preferable to our mode of placing chandeliers between the boxes. A double circle, of immense diameter, of patent lamps, is so suspended as not to intercept the view of the spectators; and the effect of the grand light so placed is at once striking and beautiful.

There is a very considerable attention to decorum in these places of entertainment. If any party take a box to themselves, paying for five persons, though the box holds six, a ticket is placed on the door to signify that it is let; and no person, but those belonging to the party, is on any pretence suffered to go into such box, even though only one or two of the party should occupy it.

There is the greatest facility both in entering and quitting the theatre. On entering, six or eight persons are allowed to stand, according to priority, and then two or three *gens d'armes*, and on no account is any person suffered to take the place of another;—a striking contrast to the dreadful pressure continually witnessed at our theatres on the night of some favourite performer. Melancholy instances of death have occurred in consequence of this, and we trust that something will be done to render the access less difficult and dangerous, and to prevent the recurrence of such shocking accidents.

The French theatres also, with some exceptions, are almost entirely free from women of loose character, but particularly from those disgusting scenes which are too frequently observed in our own theatres, to the annoyance of a great part of the audience, the corruption of our youth, and the disgust of our wives and daughters.

In leaving the theatre there is neither confusion, noise, nor difficulty: as no person is permitted to call for a carriage until the party to whom it belongs are actually at the door ready to step into it; and when the carriage is at the door, the coachman is compelled to drive off instantly.

L'Opera ou Academie Royale de la Musique, Rue de Richelieu.—This theatre, the first in Europe for the beauty and richness of its dresses, the perfection of the dancers, the number and the individual talents of the musicians, is still deficient in dramatic execution. It is granted that the coldness and want of interest in operas in general seldom affords an opportunity for the development of real ta-

lent. The Vestal of M. de Jouy, however, is an exception. He has not only commanded full houses for many years, but furnished Madame Branchu and Mesd. Lays and Nourret with the means of exhibiting their excellent voices and superior mode of acting.

This Opera House, though subjected to numerous difficulties, considering the qualifications necessary for the singers, is, upon the whole, the best in Paris; for when Lays, Derives, Nourret, Lavigne, Mesd. Branchu, Albert, and Himm appear, and Vestris, Gayon, Beaupre, Branchu, Albert, with Mesd. Gardel, Bigottini and Josselin, are the dancers, it is impossible not to admire such a reunion of talents. Equally as much may be said of the orchestra, the merit of the performers being of the first rank. This theatre, which lately sustained an irreparable loss in the person of M. Morel, the fruitful author of *Panurge*, the *Caravan*, &c. &c. is only open to the public three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The most celebrated ballet lately performed here was *Flore et Zephyr*, than which, nothing can be more beautiful.—The highest price for places is from three to ten francs.

Theatre Français, Rue de Richelieu.—This theatre, the depository of the chefs d'œuvres of the greatest French masters, and habitually frequented by persons most distinguished for their wit and taste, would certainly obtain the preference of all others, if the directors would study a little more novelty and variety; but their attachment to an established routine is still an obstacle to the gratification of the public wishes, not unfrequently expressed. Instead of the diversity which could not fail to please, the same piece is often played here six or seven times in the course of a month. Twelve new pieces in the course of the year would certainly satisfy the public, though some of these might probably be hissed. This theatre is open every day, the prices from one to eight francs.

Among the tragic actors here, Talma stands alone; the actresses, Mad. Duchesnois, George, and Volnais. The most celebrated female performer in comedy, is Mademoiselle Mars, whom it is impossible to name, without paying her a tribute of applause. "Mademoiselle Mars is probably as perfect an actress in comedy, as any that ever appeared on any stage. She has united every advantage of countenance and voice and figure, which it is possible to conceive, and no one can ever have witnessed her incomparable acting, without feeling that the imagination can suggest nothing more completely lovely—more graceful, or more natural and touching, than her representations of character. Mademoiselle Mars has been most exquisitely beautiful, and the period is past, when that beauty had all the brilliancy and freshness of youth, time appears hardly to have dared to lay his chilling hand on that lovely countenance, and she still acts characters which require all the naivete, and gaiety, and tenderness of youthful feeling, with every appearance of the spring of human life. It were impossible to describe the innumerable excellences which render her acting so perfectly enchanting. Every thing that can result from the truest elegance and gracefulness of manners—from the most genuine and lively abandon of feeling—from the most winning sweetness of expression, and the greatest imaginable gaiety and benevolence, displayed in one of the most beautiful women ever seen, and endowed with the most delightful and melodious voice, is united in Mademoiselle Mars; and all words were in vain, which would pretend to describe the bright and glittering vision which captivates the imagination."—See *Travels in France*, vol. i. p. 187.

Theatre de l'Opera Comique, Rue Feytaud.—If singers of distinguished talents, an excellent orchestra, and a good situa-

tion, were sufficient recommendations, this house would be one of the most frequented in the French capital. Unhappily, actors possessing animation are wanting as well as amusing pieces. Such as it is, however, it draws a choice audience whenever the ease and excellence of Martin is to be applauded, with the pure and melodious voices of Mesd. Duret, Regnault, and Boulanger; with the finesse of Madame Guavadan, the fulness of Chénard, the pleasant sallies of Juliet, and the naivete of Lesage. M. Guavadan has also shown much original talent in the several parts which he performs in genteel comedy. The *Battle of Ivry* is no longer in vogue. *Les Heritiers Michu* had a much greater run than that, having been honoured with the presence of the royal family; but neither of these pieces were sufficient to make up the deficiency of the treasury; and though during summer the managers give free admission to a number of handsome women, as remarkable for the elegance of their dress as the decency of their behaviour, this privilege is imprudently withdrawn on the approach of winter. The highest price for places, as at the Theatre Français, is from one to six francs.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

(From the London Papers.)

A new opera is forthcoming at the English Opera House, which is likely to awaken a very considerable interest in the musical world:—It is an attempt to dramatize the popular and admirable novel, *Gil Blas*; and, we understand, on a perfectly new construction. The opera is, contrary to the usual custom with operas, extended to five acts, and the separate stages of *Gil Blas*' life are portrayed in the several acts by different performers. Report speaks highly of the music, and of the production in general. The gentlemen who wrote the *Youthful Days of Mr. Matthews*, are said to be the authors.

The performance of plays by an English company at Paris, will be carried into effect. Mr. Penley, who has tried a similar experiment successfully, at Boulogne, Brussels, Calais, &c. is the projector of this plan, and it is believed, patronized by the British ambassador at the French court. Dowton, Knight, and Miss M. Tree, are already engaged; and negotiations are pending with others, amongst whom Charles Kemble and Oxberry are named. The theatre is expected to open in August.

Covent Garden.—The secessions from this theatre, next season, besides Liston, are Young and Miss Stephens; the latter, it is reported, retires on a point of punctilio. Macready, after some discussion, remains.

Drury Lane.—Dibdin has engaged to take the management of this theatre; it could hardly be in better hands. Mr. Elston had on Monday the honour, personally, to submit to his Majesty's inspection plans for projected alterations of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which his Majesty was graciously pleased to examine minutely, and to favour with his entire approbation and sanction.

John Emery.—This distinguished actor was born at Sunderland, Durham, on the 22d of December, 1777, and was educated at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he doubtless acquired that knowledge of the dialect which obtained for him so much celebrity. He may be said to have been born an actor, both his parents having followed that occupation with some degree of provincial fame. His father designed him for the orchestra, but aspiring to the honours of the stage, he laid aside the fiddle for the notes of dramatic applause, which he obtained on his first appearance in *Crazy*

(*Peeping Tom*), at the Brighton Theatre. He afterwards joined the York Company, under the eccentric TATE WILKINSON, who spoke of him, as MATTHEWS states, as "a great actor;" which opinion was confirmed by a London audience on his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in the year 1798, on which occasion he selected the very opposite characters of *Frank Outland*, in *A Cure for the Heart-ach*, and *Lovegold*, in the farce of the *Miser*, in both of which parts he obtained great applause. To enumerate the many characters he has since so ably sustained would be superfluous, though it may not, perhaps, be deemed impertinent to point out the variety of his histrionic powers. In the arch, unsophisticated son of nature, he was excellent; in the stupid dolt he was equally so; and in old men, in their various shades, he has been allowed to have been no mean proficient. In parts designedly written for him he had no competitor, and Tyke (*School of Reform*), and Giles (*Miller's Maid*), in parts of which his acting was truly terrific and appalling, will long, we fear, want representatives. Besides his histrionic powers, EMERY was otherwise highly gifted by nature. He was an excellent musician, playing finely on the violin—a taste for poetizing (if we may be pardoned the expression), as his numerous songs will testify; an artist of no ordinary talent—his drawings of coast scenery, particularly, being much admired, and when offered for sale, fetching high prices. He died at his house in Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, on the afternoon of Thursday last, aged 45 years.—He had been for some time indisposed, and died from a thorough decay of nature.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF

GALILEO GALILEI LYNCEUS.

Galileo was born at Pisa, in Italy, in 1564. From his infancy he had a strong propensity to philosophy and mathematics, and soon made so great a progress in these sciences that, in 1592, he was chosen professor of mathematics at Padua.—While visiting Venice, then famous for the art of glass-making, he heard that in Holland a glass had been invented, through which distant objects were seen distinctly as if near at hand. This was sufficient for Galileo; his curiosity was raised, which led him to consider what must be the form of such a glass, and the manner of making it. The result was the invention of the telescope, without having seen the Dutch glass. All the discoveries he made in astronomy were easy and natural consequences of this invention, which opening a way, till then unknown, into the heavens. One of the first of the discoveries thus made was Jupiter's satellites, which he called the Medicean stars or planets, in honour of Cosmo the second, grand duke of Tuscany. Cosmo sent for our astronomer from Padua, and made him professor of mathematics at Pisa, in 1611; and soon after inviting him to Florence, gave him the office and title of principal philosopher and mathematician to his highness.

Galileo had been but a few years at Florence, when the inquisition began to pay a very unpleasant attention to him. Having observed some solar spots in 1612, he published that discovery at Rome the following year; in which, and in some other pieces, he ventured to assert the truth of the Copernican system, and brought several new arguments to confirm it. For these he was cited before the inquisition, in 1615. After some months imprisonment, he was released, and sentenced to renounce his heretical opinions, and not defend them by word or writing, or insinuate them into the minds of any persons. But having afterward, in 1632,

published at Florence, his dialogues of the two great Systems of the World, the Ptolemaic and Copernican, he was again cited before the holy office, and committed to the prison of that ecclesiastical court at Rome. The inquisitors convened in June that year; and in his presence pronounced sentence against him and his books, obliging him to abjure his errors in the most solemn manner, committed him to the prison of their office during pleasure; and enjoined him, as a saving penance, for three years to come, to repeat once a week the seven penitential psalms; reserving to themselves, however, the power of moderating, changing, or taking away altogether or in part, the punishment and penance. On this sentence he was detained in prison till 1634; and his Dialogues of the System of the World were burnt at Rome.

Galileo lived ten years after this; seven of which were employed in making discoveries with his telescope. But by the continual application to that instrument, added to the injury his sight received from the nocturnal air, his eyes grew gradually weaker, till he became totally blind in 1639. He bore this calamity with patience and resignation worthy of a great philosopher. The loss neither broke his spirit, nor stopped the course of his studies. He supplied the defect by constant meditation; by which means he prepared a large quantity of materials, and began to arrange them by dictating his ideas; when, by a distemper of three months continuance, which wasted him away by degrees, he expired at Arcetri, near Florence, in January, 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Galileo was in his person of small stature, though of a venerable aspect, and vigorous constitution. His conversation was affable, free, and full of pleasantry. He took great delight in architecture and painting, and designed extremely well. He played exquisitely on the lute; and whenever he spent any time in the country, he took great pleasure in husbandry. His learning was extensive, and he possessed in a high degree a clearness and acuteness of wit. From the time of Archimedes, nothing had been done in mechanical geometry till Galileo first extended the boundaries of that science, and reduced the resistance of solid bodies to its laws. Beside applying geometry to the doctrine of motion, by which philosophy became established on a sure foundation, he made surprising discoveries in the heavens by means of his telescope. He demonstrated the Copernican system, when he showed from the phases of Venus, like to those of the moon, that Venus actually revolves round the sun. He proved the rotation of the sun on his axis, from his spots; and thence the diurnal rotation of the earth became more credible. The satellites that attend Jupiter in his revolution about the sun, represented in Jupiter's smaller system a just image of the great solar system; and rendered it more easy to conceive how the moon might attend the earth as a satellite, in her annual revolution. By discovering hills and cavities in the moon, and spots in the sun constantly varying, he showed that there was not so great a difference between the celestial bodies and the earth as had been vainly imagined.

He rendered no less service to science by treating, in a clear and geometrical manner, the doctrine of motion, which has justly been called the key of nature. The rational part of mechanics had been so much neglected, that hardly any improvement was made in it for almost two thousand years. But Galileo has given us fully the theory of equable motions, and of such as are uniformly accelerated or retarded, and of these two compounded together. He first demonstrated that the spaces described by heavy bodies, from the beginning of their descent, are as the squares of the times; and that a body, projected in any direction not perpendicu-

lar to the horizon, describes a parabola. These were the beginnings of the doctrine of the motion of heavy bodies, which has been since carried to so great a height by Newton. In geometry, he invented the cycloid or trochoid; though the properties of it were afterward chiefly demonstrated by his pupil Torricelli. He invented the simple pendulum, and made use of it in his astronomical experiments; he had also thoughts of applying it to clocks, but did not execute that design. The glory of that invention was reserved for his son Vincenzo, who made the experiment at Venice, in 1649; and Huygens afterward carried it to perfection. O. Galileo's invention, also, was the machine with which the Venetians rendered their Laguna fluid and navigable. He likewise discovered the gravity of the air, and endeavoured to compare it with that of water; beside opening up several other inquiries in natural philosophy. In short, he was esteemed and followed by philosophers, and honoured by persons of the greatest distinction of all nations.

Galileo had scholars that were worthy of so great a master, by whom the gravitation of the atmosphere was fully established, and its varying pressure accurately and conveniently measured, by the column of quicksilver of equal weight sustained by it in the barometrical tube. These principles opened a vast field of new and useful knowledge, and explained a great variety of phenomena, which had been accounted for before that time in a very absurd manner. It seemed as if the air, the fluid in which men lived from the beginning, had been then but first discovered. Philosophers were every where busy inquiring into its various properties and their effects; and valuable discoveries rewarded their industry. Of the great number who distinguished themselves on this occasion, may be mentioned Torricelli and Viviani, in Italy; Pascal, in France; Otto Guericke, in Germany; and Boyle, in England.

Galileo wrote a number of treatises, many of which were published in his lifetime. Most of them were also collected after his death, and published by Mendesot, in two vols. 4to. under the title of *L'Opere di Galileo Galilei Lynceo*, in 1656. Some of these, with others of his pieces, were translated into English, and published by Thomas Salisbury, in his *Mathematical Collection*, in two vols. folio. Besides what have been published, he wrote many pieces, which were unfortunately lost through his wife's devotion; who, solicited by her confessor, gave him leave to peruse her husband's manuscripts; of which he tore and took away as many as he said were not fit to be published.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMERON.

ON DIET.

(From Kitchen's Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life.)

Rise early—if the weather permits, amuse yourself with exercise in the open air for some time before breakfast—the material for which, I leave entirely to the previous habit of the individual. Such is the sensibility of the stomach, when recruited by a good night's rest, that of all alterations in diet, it will be most disappointed at any change of this meal—either of the time it is taken—or of the quantity or quality of it—so much so, that the functions of a delicate stomach will be frequently deranged throughout the whole day after.

The breakfast I recommend, is good milk gruel; beef tea, or portable beef tea; a pint of the latter may be made for two-pence halfpenny, as easily as a basin of gruel.

The interval between breakfast and eleven o'clock, is the best time for intel-

lectual business—then exercise again till about twelve—when probably the appetite will be craving for a luncheon, which may consist of a bit of roasted poultry,—a basin of good beef tea, or eggs poached, or boiled in the shell; fish plainly dressed, or a sandwich; stale bread; and half a pint of good home-brewed beer; or toast and water; with about one-fourth or one-third part of its measure of wine, of which port is preferred.

The solidity of the luncheon should be proportionate to the time it is intended to enable you to wait for your dinner, and the activity of the exercise you take in the mean time.

Take exercise and amusement as much as is convenient in the open air again, till past four; then rest, and prepare for dinner at five; which should be confined to one dish of roasted beef or mutton, five days in the week; boiled meat one; and roasted poultry one; with a portion of sufficiently boiled ripe vegetables; mashed potatoes are preferred. Drink at dinner, a pint of home-brewed beer, or toast and water, with one-third or one-fourth part wine, and a few glasses of wine after; the less, the better; but take as much as custom has made necessary to excite that degree of circulation in your system, without which, you are uncomfortable.

After dinner sit quietly for a couple of hours; the *Semi-Sciasta* is a pleasant position i. e. the feet on a stool about eight inches high; or if your exercise has fatigued you, lie down, and indulge in horizontal refreshment: this you may sometimes do with advantage before dinner, if you have taken more exercise than usual, and you feel tired: when the body is fatigued, the stomach, by sympathy, will, in proportion, be incapable of doing its business of digestion.

At seven, a little tea, or warmed milk, with a very little rum, a bit of sugar, and a little nutmeg in it; after which, exercise and amusement again, if convenient, in the open air.

For supper, a biscuit, or a sandwich, or a bit of cold fowl, &c. and a glass of beer, or wine, and toast and water; and occasionally i. e. as light a supper as possible; the sooner after ten you retire to rest, the better.

For those who dine very late; the supper may be gruel, or a little bread and cheese, or pounded cheese, and a glass of beer; but if you have had an early, or a *banquet dinner*—or instinct suggests that the exhaustion, from extraordinary exertion, requires more restorative materials, furnish your stomach with a chop or a chicken, &c. or some easily digestible and nutritive materials, and as much diffusible stimulus as will animate the circulation, and ensure the influence of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" the soundness of which, depends entirely on the stomach being in good temper, and the heart supporting the circulation with salutary vigour.

The best tests of the restorative qualities of food, are a small quantity of it satisfying hunger; the strength of the pulse after it; and the length of time which elapses before appetite returns again: according to these rules, the editor's own experience gives a decided verdict in favour of roasted or broiled beef or mutton as most nutritive; then game and poultry, of which the meat is brown; next veal and lamb and poultry, of which the meat is white; the fat kinds of fish, eels, salmon, herrings, &c. and least nutritive, the white kinds of fish; such as whiting, cod, soles, haddocks, &c. That fish is less nutritive than flesh, the speedy return of hunger after a dinner of fish is sufficient proof; when a trainer at Newmarket wishes to waste a jockey, he is not allowed pudding, if fish can be had.

Crabs, lobsters, prawns, &c. unless thoroughly boiled, (which those sold ready-boiled seldom are,) are tremendously indigestible. Shell-fish have long held a

high rank in the catalogue of easily digestible and speedily restorative foods: of these oysters certainly deserve the best character; but we think that they, as well as eggs; gelatinous substances; rich broths, &c. have acquired not a little more reputation for these qualities than they deserve. Oysters are often cold and uncomfortable to dyspeptic stomachs; unless warmed with a certain quantity of pepper, and good white wine.

To recruit the animal spirits, and produce strength, there is nothing like beef and mutton; moreover, when kept till properly tender, nothing will give less trouble to the digestive organs, and more substantial excitement to the constitution. The editor has for some years dined principally upon plainly roasted or boiled beef and mutton, and has often observed, that if he changes it for any other food for several days together; that he suffers a diminution of strength, &c. and is disposed on such days to drink an additional glass of wine, &c.

However, the fitness of various foods, and drinks, and the quantity of nutriment which they afford, depends very much upon how they are prepared, and as much on the inclination and abilities of the concoctive faculties, which have the task of converting them into chyle.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

A Living Cynic Philosopher.—When Wieland, in his ingenious romance, painted the Alexerites and Diogenes, we little expected to see starting up in the middle of Germany, a new philosopher, living in a tub with his staff and his pouch. But so it is. The name of the German Diogenes is Pitschaft, a native of Hesse Darmstadt. At Mentz he first assumed the philosopher, and announced himself by that name. He next came to Frankfort, and placed his tub in one of the streets, taking up his quarters in it, to preach against the vices of the world. A crowd gathered to hear and look at him, which gave offence to the police. A party of gens-d'arme accordingly conveyed him in a carriage to Mentz, where they dropped him, and drove back to Frankfort. Upon alighting there, they found, to their surprise and confusion, the philosopher at Frankfort again before them. He had placed himself, unperceived by them, at the back of their carriage, and took advantage of their halting in the suburb for refreshment, to have the start of them by re-entering Frankfort on foot. He bore this ill-usage with unmoved philosophy. Our cynic was again placed in durance; but no doctor could be found to opine that he was mad; one even answered for the *finesse* and malice of his wit. The police, however, expelled him, under pretence of irregularities in his passports.

Lithography continues to add, to its resources, and daily to make new conquests. Not only are lithographic engravings impressed in colours, but there is even a process by means of which oil-paintings may be printed off. M. Malapeau, to whose researches we are indebted for this discovery, took out a patent at the end of last year, to secure to himself the advantages of his invention; and he has since that time made numerous applications of the process, all of which have perfectly succeeded. It is not for us to describe here the various means which M. Malapeau employs to take off upon canvass a faithful copy of an original painting. Suffice it to say, that neither the drawing, nor the colouring, nor even the handling of the master, suffer from this method of multiplying the best productions of the art of painting in oil. Another advantage not to be passed over in silence is, that pictures thus copied by lithography may be sold at a very moderate price.

Application of Machinery to the calculating and printing of mathematical tables.

A very eminent mathematician, Charles Babbage, Esq. F. R. S. London and Edinburgh, &c. in a letter addressed to Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Society of London, has announced to the world that he has invented various machines by which some of the more complicated processes of arithmetical calculation may be performed with certainty and despatch; so that if the sanguine expectations of the ingenious inventor shall be completely realized, the mathematician may in many cases be relieved from the dull drudgery of arithmetical computation, and tables of almost every kind may be constructed with a facility and accuracy hitherto unknown, by a process purely mechanical. Mathematicians are well aware that tables of every kind may now be constructed by the aid of one of the finest inventions of modern analysis, the theory of finite differences. It is in this way that Mr. Babbage proposes to apply his machines to the purpose of calculation. He states that his first engine is capable of computing any table by the aid of differences, whether they are positive or negative, or of both kinds: and that with perfect confidence he would venture to construct an engine that should compute numbers depending on ten or twelve successive orders of differences. It is a remarkable property of the machine, that the greater the number of differences, the more it will outstrip the most rapid calculator. This machine, by the application of certain parts, may be employed in extracting the roots of equations, and the degree of approximation will depend on its magnitude.

Mr. Babbage has sketches of two other machines, one by which the product of any number by any other number may be found; and another, by which all prime numbers from 0 to ten millions may be determined. He has also a fourth machine, whose plans are in a more advanced state, by which tables having no order of differences constant, may be constructed. This last is immediately applicable to the construction of logarithmic and astronomical tables of every kind; and in order to avoid the errors which might be produced in copying and printing the numbers in the common way, the ingenious inventor states, that he has contrived means by which the machines shall take, from several boxes containing type, the numbers which they calculate, and place them side by side; thus becoming at once a substitute for the computer and the compositor.

In order to demonstrate the practicability of executing these views, Mr. Babbage has actually constructed a machine which will produce any tables where second differences are constant, and has exhibited it to some friends, who have witnessed its performance. In the computation of a series of numbers from the formula x^2 add x add 41, they were at first produced rather slower than they could be taken down by a person that undertook to write the numbers as they appeared, but as soon as four figures were required, the machine was at least equal in speed to the writer.

MINERVA MEDICA.

An astonishing surgical operation was lately performed with success in the hospital of St. Louis, at Paris. A peasant of the neighbourhood of La Fere, was persuaded that about five years ago he had swallowed with his food some reptile, which, in an inexplicable manner, still lived, as he affirmed, in his stomach. The physicians employed various prescriptions without effect. Tortured by excruciating pains, the unhappy man resolved to go to Paris, to be opened; which operation was in fact performed by making an incision just below the region of the heart, when it was ascertained that his

conjecture was well founded. As soon as the animal perceived more air than it was accustomed to, it showed itself at the end of the incision, but immediately drew back; when one of the assistants put his finger into the wound, and drew out a snake two feet and a half in length, and eighteen lines in circumference. It lived sixty hours. The patient felt great relief, and is in a situation which gives no reason to apprehend any bad consequences!—*Foreign Journal.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Minerva.

THE PILGRIM. No. IV.

Passing through a by-street a few days ago, I observed a pawnbroker's shop, having before the door a table covered with some old books. I examined them carefully, knowing that in hidden corners like this are often to be found some neglected treasure; and on rummaging through the whole collection, was gratified in discovering a volume nearly worn out, entitled, "*Tales of Chivalrie*," dated at London, in the year 1650. It contains many interesting and well-written stories, from which I select the following for the satisfaction of the reader. From time to time, I shall make copious extracts from the book.

GUY THE CHEVALIER.

In the year, 1248, when Louis the Ninth departed for the Holy Land, his train was swelled by the concourse of all that was noble, in his widely-extended dominions. Among the knights that assembled under the banner of the cross, Guy, Count of St. Julianne, was eminently distinguished. He was one of the most illustrious warriors that chivalry had produced. He had been educated in a manner suitable for the heir of his august line, and his mind was as spotless as the polished shield which he bore for his defence.

His person was tall and athletic, but he was perfectly easy in his motions and gait. His complexion was fair, his eyes a deep hazel, and his hair and eye-brows black.

Guy, like the most of his cotemporaries, had a heart susceptible of delicate impressions. He had entertained an affection for Marie, the daughter of a neighbouring lord, which she returned with an enthusiasm equal to his. They were often together, and at each succeeding interview, he had drank more deeply of the intoxication of love. They walked together in the vineyards and meadows, talking continually one of the other. They knew no pleasure except in each other's presence.

But this dream of bliss lasted only a short time. The sound of the trumpet calling upon the chivalry of France to follow their king, reached the ears of the enraptured Guy. It came over his senses "with the awfulness of a spell." Never before had he heard such a call, without responding to it from the bottom of his soul, and without flying to the ranks with his sword in his hand. But now, why does Lord Guy loiter around his domains? Why does he delay his departure for the holy army? Marie, his beloved, his darling girl, enchained him to the spot. But the voice of honour was too loud to be long disregarded. He could not bear the idea of sitting down with a stain upon his crest. He embraced Marie and hastened to the camp.

Marie wept for her beloved knight. She ranged through her gardens, calling on his name, and refused to be comforted, because he did not appear. But Guy was too far distant to hear her complaints. Her image, however, was closeted in his heart, and that heart was bleeding for her society. The king observed the taciturnity of Guy, and demanded of him whether

he had forgotten his former valour. "Has my liege ever known his servant to cower," asked Guy, "or does your majesty believe that cowardice could ever sully the blood of Morancy? "I know not, my lord," replied the king, "to what else to attribute your sullen brow. I once thought that no true knight could fight for the ransom of Jerusalem, without feeling his heart glow within him." His majesty waited not for a reply, but turned away.

The courage of Guy was conspicuous at the famous siege of Damietta, and in all the conflicts with the infidels, he maintained and vindicated the honour of his house. His bravery extorted the approbation of his monarch, who recalled the suspicion he had formerly uttered.

Guy after sorrowing long for the absence of his dear Marie, returned with the king to France, and again clasped her to his breast. They mingled tears of joy, and prayed that they might never again be separated. To prevent so painful a catastrophe in future, they determined to be soon joined together, and shortly after the return of Guy, the bell of the convent of St. Genevieve tolled to announce his approaching nuptials. He entered the chapel dressed in complete armour, with Marie leaning on his arm. His face was suffused with a slight tinge, which served to adorn his usually pale but fine countenance. Marie, trembling and blushing, had scarce confidence enough to answer the necessary questions proposed by the priest. But they were soon united, and Guy embracing his bride, imprinted on her cheek the matrimonial kiss. The Count and Countess of St. Julianne enjoyed long and uninterrupted happiness.

"—begin with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty."

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

Foreign—A battle has been fought on the Spanish Maine, between Gen. Paez and Gen. Morales, which terminated in the death of the latter, and a victory by the republicans.

The 50 governments of Russia comprehend 298,950 geographical square miles, and contain 40,057,000 inhabitants. There are 3742 manufactories in the empire. The capital employed in commerce, as stated by merchants, amounts to 319,680,000 roubles. The revenue arising from the poll-tax, and that upon drink, is stated at 169,350,000 roubles.

A private letter from London mentions, that Mr. and Mrs. Baraes, the long favourites of the New-York boards, arrived there too late for an engagement previous to the closing of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres; but that Mrs. B. was playing at Cheltenham, a celebrated watering place, to crowded houses of fashionables—and that Mr. Baraes had engaged for the next season at Drury Lane Theatre.

A French paper, alluding to a storm which lately took place in the commune of Chevreuse, says, the electric discharge was so strong that some sheep which were struck by it, were divided in two, as if it had been done by a sharp instrument.

Domestic—The quantity of whiskey distilled in the United States, amounts to at least thirty millions of gallons annually! A tax of 25 cents per gallon would raise a revenue of seven millions five hundred thousand dollars. Taking from this sum 24 millions, which would pay for the expenses of collecting the tax, there would be left \$5,000,000.

A western paper asserts, that an estate in that country had lately reverted to the original seller, for the balance of the purchase-money, after more than \$50,000 had been paid of it. And that in another case, 309 acres of land had been sold by a Sheriff for \$605, which land cost \$20 an acre when purchased, and on the improvement of which \$1400 had been expended.

At the Anniversary Commencement of Hamilton College, which took place on the 28th ult. the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Abraham Van Vechten, of the city of Albany, and on the Hon. Thomas Addis Emmet, of the city of New-York.

Four men, at Enfield, (Conn.) were lately nearly suffocated by descending a well that was filled with carbonic acid gas. They were recovered by exposing them freely to the air, dashing cold water on them, friction, bleeding freely at the arm, applying ammonia to the nostrils, and the administration of volatile spirits.

There is a gentleman living in Centerharbour, (N. H.) Mr. Caleb Towle, a wealthy and respectable farmer, whose height is 5 feet 10 inches, girth 7 feet, and weight 515 pounds. He is obliged to use a second chair for the more bulky part of his frame.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Owing to the prevailing sickness, and one of our Carriers having been seized by it, the MINERVA has not been so regularly served of late as we could have wished. Subscribers, whose files are deficient from this cause, are requested to apply for the missing numbers to the publishers, E. Bliss and E. White, 384 Broadway, where the MINERVA is now regularly issued every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

As the 1st No. of the MINERVA is now reprinting, such of our subscribers as have not received it, will please give in their names to the publishers that it may be forwarded.

No. XXIV. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Manana, or a Tale of Fa- roo*.—*Isabel, or the Raven's Tower*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs of the Moors*, from the Journal of a Traveller.—*The Hottentots*.

LITERATURE.—*The French and English Dramatic Poets*, by the Marquis D'Argens.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatre, No. II.—Dramatic Anecdotes*.—A MS. has been put into our hands, not originally intended for publication, but for the information of the writer's relations in Scotland; in which he gives an account of his peregrinations since he left his native place in the year 1815. Though originally bred a mechanic, the bent of his mind, at an early period, was towards the stage, a profession which he afterwards occasionally followed. The pictures which he has drawn of some of the corps dramatique, evidently owe a good deal to colouring; yet as they possess a considerable share of humour, and in many instances, may be regarded correct delineations of the diversified scenes of human life, through which the writer passed, we shall readily avail ourselves of the permission given, to introduce "The Peregrinations of a Thespian" to the notice of our readers. No. I will appear in our next.

BIOGRAPHY.—*George Harvett*, Parson and Comedian.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Water Spouts*.—*Origin of the Egyptian Pyramids*.—*Causes and Prevention of Pulmonary Consumption*.—*Natural History*.—*Scientific Notices*.

POETRY.—*Emma*, and other original pieces.

GLEASER, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

MARRIED,

On the 5th, Mr. Thomas Roome, to Miss Margaret C. Gallaher.
Mr. James Anderson, to Miss Jane Craig.
On the 6th, Mr. William Harwood, jun. to Miss Ann Mead.
On Saturday last week, Mr. Clark Greenwood, to Miss Margaret McKay.
Richard C. Hunt, to Elizabeth Whitehead.
Edwin Nichol, to Adrien Morron.

DIED,

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Catharine Walker, in the 61st year of her age.
On the 7th, David Chase, in the 20th year of his age.
Mr. John Dover, aged 80 years.
On Saturday, Mrs. Deborah Bernaid, daughter of Ebenezer S. Burdick, Esq.
On the 9th, Miss Lucy Norton, in the 24th year of her age.
On Saturday, Thomas McCabe, in the 32d year of his age.
On the 11th, Mr. Cornelius Kip, in the 43d year of his age.
Madame Duperre Costey, formerly of Paris.
On Sunday, Mr. Simon Nathan, aged 75 years.
On Monday, Hannah Guntton, wife of Samuel Guntton, Greenwich village.
On Friday last week, Mr. John Dorgan, in the 55th year of his age.
On the 11th, Elizabeth, late consort of Mr. John Satter.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

MIDNIGHT VIEW OF THE ADRIATIC SEA.

The night was clear, and in the arch of heaven
Journey'd the moon upon her pilgrimage,
And gilded with her beams the sleeping world.
To taste the scene so peaceful and serene,
So soothing and delicious to the soul,
I sauntered to the Adriatic shore.
The waves were still, no breezes rude disturbed
The tranquil waters of the beautiful sea;
And on its peaceful bosom far or near,
No sail or bark obstruct the gazer's sight;—
There was no sound save that of gentle surfs,
Rolling at intervals upon the strand,
Whose murmurs struck upon the listening ear.
My senses were absorbed, my mind was filled,
My soul was wrapped up in the lovely scene.
Sensations new, thrill'd through my unstrung
nerves!
Emotions grateful, rose within my breast!
At length there came a rich, melodious voice,
Fraught with sweet harmony along the sea.
It touched my heart;—'twas sweet as Arion's
strains,
That charmed the dolphin as he swam along:
Perchance it is the note of Ocean nymph,
As riding lonely on her moonlight way;
Perchance it is the beautiful mermaid's voice,
As laving in the sea her glossy locks;
Perhaps,—but hold—I now descrie afar,
A slender bark, propelled by time-beat oars;
The notes I heard grow louder as it nears,
And now—my ears discern the plaintive song
Of wearied and desponding waterman.

SONG.

The seaman on the ocean roves,
And visits every foreign shore:—
Afar from all the friends he loves,
He's toss'd amid the tempest's roar.

The fireside,—its peaceful cheer,
Its joys, that every hour renew,
He knows not; and to all that's dear,
To wife, to child,—he bids adieu.

How hard his lot,—he leaves his home,
And lives upon the treacherous deep;
From place to place in sorrow roams,
And knows no solace, rest, or sleep.

His couch is on the liquid wave,
His music is the billows' roar,—
Too oft, alas! he finds a grave,
And greets his wife, his child no more.

Such was the lay the weary boatman sung,
And broke the stillness of that midnight scene;
Such was the sad lament that anguish wrung,
From his disguised heart oppress'd by sorrows keen.
I felt his woes, I sympathiz'd with him,
And whilst I listen'd to the deep complaint,
He, sorrowing, pour'd upon the ambient air,
The tear suffus'd my eye, and coursed my cheek.
I left the sea, I sought my unpress'd bed,
And Morpheus strewed his poppies on my head.

LUDOVICO.

For the Minerva.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Her eyes were dark, were bright, and yet,
Vied not with some I've seen, whose jet
With more than diamond lustre shone,
Such as life gives, and life alone;
But still those speaking orbs o'er me
Held an unquestion'd sovereignty.

Those eyes have charm'd me many an hour,
With that strange fascinating pow'r
The serpent o'er his victim proves,
Yet they were harmless as the dove's,
And unresisting, 'neath their ray
My ravish'd heart dissolved away.

Her locks in silken band confined,
Or in dark glossy ringlets twined,

To others might be nothing rare,
But ev'ry single slender hair
Enthrall'd me like the strongest chain,
And to escape, all hope was vain.

Escape I wish'd not: oft I've sigh'd
To think that aught could e'er divide
That pleasing chain: like him endear'd
By time to fetters once so fear'd,
I had found liberty a pain,
And sued to be in bonds again.

Her mouth, though from her pouting lip,
One dear delicious kiss to sip,
Were heaven indeed, was not so sweet
As was its language, gay, discreet,
And mark'd with wisdom; I have hung
For hours on her enchanting tongue.

Her face was not what some call fair,
But the expression which was there
Was peerless; 'twas a nameless grace,
A Titian's pencil could not trace;
It was the Maker's pow'r express'd—
The pictur'd mind—the soul confess'd.

Not faultless was her form to view,
As that which from the beauties grew
Of Greece commingled; still the soul,
Free, and disdaining all control,
Gave to that figure's every line,
A grace and dignity divine.

What were a perfect face and form,
Without one beam of soul to warm?
A splendid court without its queen;
A verdant but a sunless scene.
Give me the all-excelling mind,
With sensibility conjoin'd.

And she had feeling—ne'er appear'd
The dear enchantress more endear'd,
Than when she breath'd the pining sigh;
When quick tears from her glistening eye,
Wetting her cheek for other's woes,
Trembling like dew-drops on the rose.

I could have kiss'd each pearly tear
From the sweet flow'r, but tender fear,
Respectful deference, forbade
That heaven so rudely to invade,
And pity's best and loveliest birth,
Fell to the unregarding earth.

Oft have I seen her mid a throng
Of beauties, whom the poet's song
Were weak to praise, and there she shone
With mental lustre all her own;
There shone that soul which lit a fire,
That in my breast can ne'er expire.

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

To L.—D.—

So, thanks for your poem, for a prettier, neater,
More luscious, delicious, pleasanter, sweeter,
I never have heard of or read of before,
In the pages of Goldsmith, or luscious Tom Moore.

There's a charm in the rhyme, which, setting apart
Its touches of wit, will alone touch the heart;
But when with its melody it is combin'd,
'Tis a most epicurean dish for the mind.

And think not with flattery I mean to confound you,
By profusely and lavishly scattering it round you;
For plainly to tell you the truth of the matter,
'Though I may compliment, yet I never can flatter.
But if so incline'd, where would flattery bear
So much the appearance of candour as there?
Nay, blush not, and frown not; yet frown as you may,
And say what you will, yet I will have my say.

Such graces of person, and graces of mind,
'Mong the daughters of Eve we but seldom see join'd:
And I do but my duty, as a poor humble poet,
In discover'ing a treasure, to let the world know it.
To let the world know it? How blind they must be,
Without me for their spectacles, if they can't see!
No, those eyes are too bright, long unheeded to lie;
Those lips are too sweet, to be coldly pass'd by;
Thy cheek is too blooming, unnotic'd to fade;
Thy complexion too fair, to be shrouded in shade;
And thy mind—I must cease—can the pencil portray
The effulgence and glow of a heavenly ray;
No—the ray itself only can make itself known,
And thy mind can be seen but in rays of its own.

CONCEALMENT.

Ah! chide me not, that o'er my cheek
No tears of silent sorrow steal,
Nor deem the ardent passion weak,
My bosom long has learnt to feel;

No words my secret flame reveal,
No sighs the tale of love impart,
Yet looks of outward peace conceal
The sadness of a bursting heart.

Yet do not blame me, if awhile
I wear the semblance of repose,
And woo a fleeting summer smile,
To gild the darkness of my woes:
Oh! 'tis the lingering ray that throws
O'er the dim vale a blaze of light,
And bright in parting splendour glows,
The herald of a cheerless night.

TO A LADY

PROFESSING HER BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY.

'Tis eve, and the stars that illumine the night
Diffuse a soft lustre around;
You tell me, dear maid, in those bodies of light
The secrets of fate may be found;
If so, I believe in your bright orbs of blue
Futurity equally lies:
So for once I will e'en turn astrologer too,
And study my doom in your eyes.

No science is surely so pleasing as this,
But yet 'tis obscure and perplex,
One moment I read in it rapture and bliss,
And falsehood and sorrow the next;
You smile—now my stars a bright aspect assume,
I pant for my charmer's decree;
Then come, dear astrologer, tell me my doom,
And I'll give you my heart for a fee!

TO THE MYOSOTIS ARVENSIS; OR,
"FORGET ME NOT."

Planted by the author in a friend's garden.

So small is thy attractive power,
So transient thy most brilliant hour,
Thou well art named, thou simple flower,
"Forget me not."

But though small homage waits on thee,
In thy frail form a charm I see
Which seems to whisper still to me
"Forget me not."

And I have chosen thee to tell
What bids my labouring bosom swell,
And, when I'm gone, to say "Farewell,—
Forget me not."

To those whose kindness many a day
Drove care and sorrow far away,
I would each opening bud to say
"Forget me not."

And when thy summer glories die,
And winter's terrors rule the sky,
Thy form, though faded, still to sigh
"Forget me not."

Sweet flower! I ask no fairer tomb
Than o'er my dust that thou may'st bloom
To whisper midst surrounding gloom
"Forget me not."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The fortune of the first daughter
was \$51,200; and of the second \$57,344.

PUZZLE II.—Housewife.

PUZZLE III.—Sideboard.

Answer to Rebus not received.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is the letter S like a military furnace?

II.

The child of pensant, Rose, thought it no shame,
To toil at my first all the day;
But when Rose's father a farmer became,
My first to my second gave way.

Rose married a merchant, who took her to town;
To that eminent station preferred,
My first and my second were both thrown aside,
And she gave all her time to my third.

III.

My first is a movement that's light,
My second's a mere strip of leather,
My whole, if I now guess aright,
Is composed of three vowels together.

CHRONOLOGY.

From the creation to the present time.

- Before Christ,
266. The number of Roman citizens found to be 292,244.
265. The Mamertines, oppressed by the Carthaginians, demanded aid of the Romans.
264. First Punic war, which lasted 24 years.—Appius obliged Hiero to quit Messina, and to return to Syracuse.
This year, Diogenes being archon of Athens, the chronology of the Arundelian marbles was composed.
263. Eumenes, son of Eumenes, reigned in Pergamus.
—The two consuls in Sicily granted peace to Hiero.
262. Agrigentum, in Sicily, taken by the consuls.
—Manasses, son of Jaddus, tenth high-priest since the captivity, ruled 26 years.
261. A fleet equipped by the Romans under Dutilius over the Carthaginians.
259. L. Cornelius defeated the Sardinians, Corsicans, and Hanno, leader of the Carthaginians.
258. The war in Sicily continued. Imperial dynasty of China called Ta Asin. Six emperors of this race reign.
257. Att. Regulus defeated at sea; afterwards gained a victory over the Carthaginians.
—Annibal the elder was cashiered by the Carthaginian army, after the defeat of his fleet.
256. New victory of the Romans at sea. Att. Regulus obliged the Carthaginians to a disadvantageous peace. Manlius brought 27,000 captives to Rome.
—Antigonos Gonatus restored liberty to Athens.
—Beginning of the Parthian kingdom under Arsaces.
255. Xantippus, the Spartan, invited by the Carthaginians, took Regulus prisoner. The consuls defeated the Carthaginians at sea; but lost by a storm 220 vessels they had taken.
—The Achæians began to choose two praetors instead of one.
254. The Romans, with a new fleet, laid siege to Palermo.
253. Another storm destroyed 150 vessels of the Romans.
252. Roman citizens amounted to 297,797.
—The Carthaginians recovered their power at sea after the retreat of the Romans.
251. Adrubal defeated in Sicily; was condemned to death at Carthage.
—Aratus, the Sicyon, twenty years of age, united his country to the Achæian league.
250. The Romans equipped another fleet. The Carthaginian general returned from Africa, and put the Romans to flight. Theodotus assumed the title of king of Bactria. Other eastern nations followed his example.
249. Pub. Claudius lost 93 vessels. The Carthaginians set fire to the Roman fleet before Lilybaeum.
248. No fleet being equipped by the Romans, the Carthaginians laid waste all their coasts.—Alliance between Ptolemy Philadelphus and Antiochus Theos.
247. Rome counted 231,222 citizens.
—Seleucus II. surnamed Callinicus, succeeded Antiochus, and reigned 21 years.
—Ptol. Evergetes succeeded Ptol. Philadelphus in Egypt.
246. Onias, the high-priest, failing to pay the wonted tribute, offended Ptolemy. His nephew, Joseph, appeased him.
244. Demetrius, second son of Antigonos Gonatas reigned in Macedonia ten years.
243. Aratus, chief of the Achæians, seized Corinth. The Etolians joined the Achæians.
242. The Romans, equipping a new fleet, defeated the Carthaginians, sinking fifty of their vessels, and taking seventy.
241. End of the first Punic war; the Carthaginians obliged to cede all the islands in the Mediterranean, and to pay a tribute for twenty years.
239. The poet Livius Andronicus was the first to represent tragedies and comedies at Rome.
238. Birth of the poet Ennius.
—Revolt of the Gauls.
—Adrubal, sent into Spain from Carthage, took with him Annibal, then nine years old.
236. Onias II, son of Simon, ruled at Jerusalem fourteen years.
235. The temple of Janus shut, for the first time since the days of Numa Pompilius.
234. Carvilius triumphed over the Sardinians.
—Navius produced one hundred pieces for the Roman theatre.
233. Fabius defeated the Ligurians and the Sardinians.
232. Death of Demetrius II. king of Macedonia.
—Flaminius passed an agrarian law for dividing the lands of the people of Pisa, which caused the Cisalpine Gauls to revolt.

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